Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to returne me
To this submission. Yet I will remember
The favors of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?
So *Iudas* did to Christ: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King: will no man say, Amen?
Am I both Priest and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God save the King, although I be not he:
And yet Amen, if Heaven doe thinke him me.
To doe what service, am I sent for hither?

Yor. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Majesty did make thee offer:
The Resignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cosin, seize the Crown:
Here Cosin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, unseene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whilst you mount up on high.

Bul. I thought you had beene willing to resigne.

Rich. My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depose,
But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.

Bul. Part of your Cares you give my with your Crown.

Rich. Your Cares set up, doe not pluck me Cares down.
My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:

Bul. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

Rich. I no; no, I: for I must nothing be:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.

Now, marke me how I will undoe my selfe.
I give this heauy weight from off my Head,
And this unwieldy Scepter from my hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my heart.
With mine owne Teares I wash away my blame,
With mine owne hands I give away my Crowne.
With mine owne Tongue deny my sacred State,
With mine owne breath release all dutious Oathes:
All pompe and Maiesty I doe forsweare:
My Mannors, Rents, Revenews, I forgoe;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I deny:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all vowes unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou withall pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd,
Long mayst thou live in *Richards* Seate to sit,
And soone lie *Richard* in an earthy pit.
God save King *Henry*, un-king'd *Richard* sayes,
And send him many yeares of sunne-shine dayes.
What more remaines?

Nor. No more: but that you read
These Accusations, and these grievous Crymes,
Committed by your person, and your followers
Against the state, and profit of this Land:
That by confessing them, the soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I ravell out
My weav'd up follyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one haynous Article
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the booke of Heaven.
Nay, all of you that stand and looke upon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with *Pilate* wash your hands,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.20) Octavo